

A DELL COMIC •
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JULY

ALAN J. JAMES



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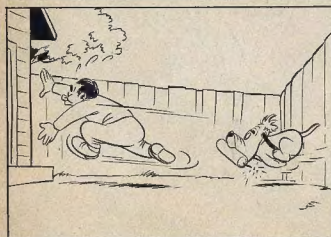
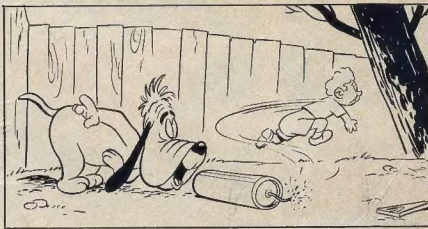
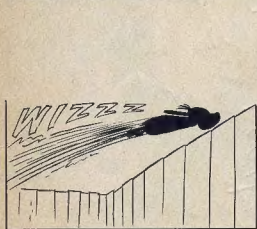
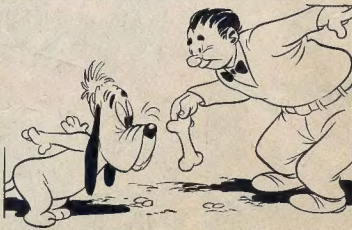
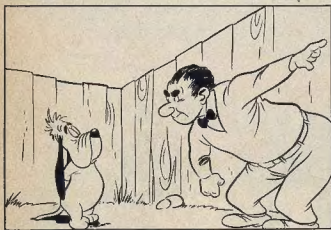
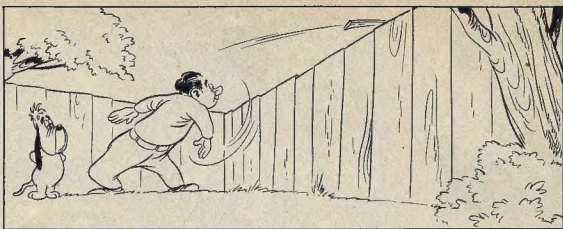
52 pages
ALL COMICS!

TOM & JERRY

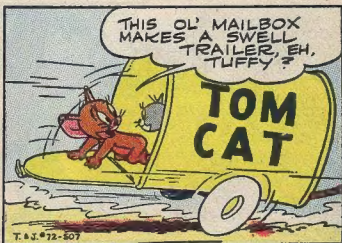
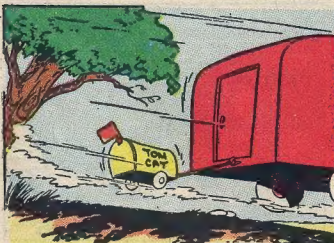
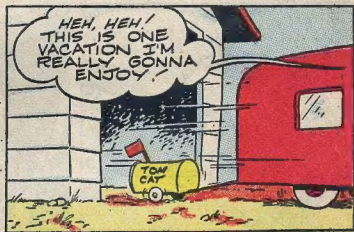
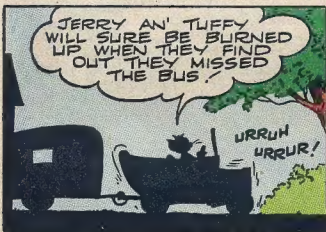
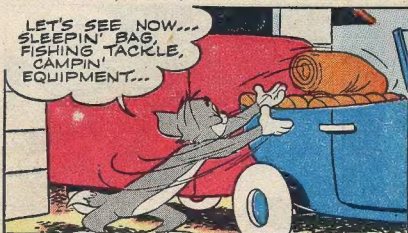
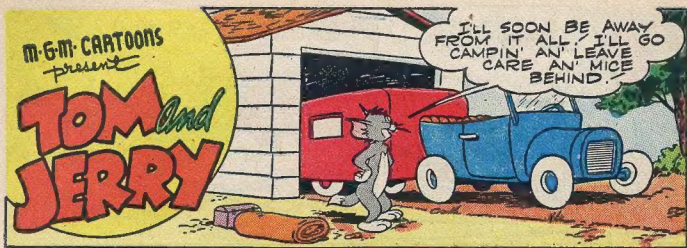
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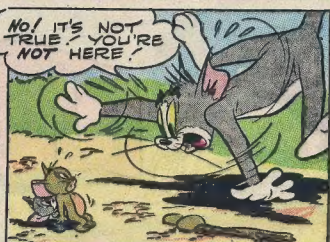
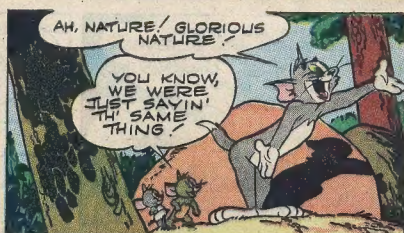
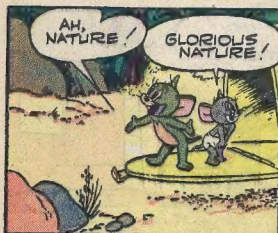
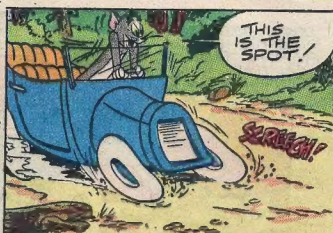
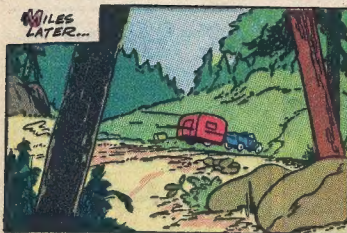
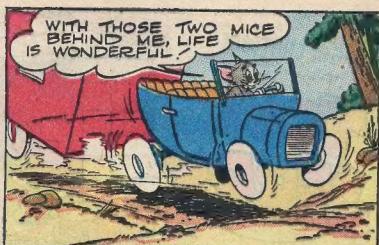
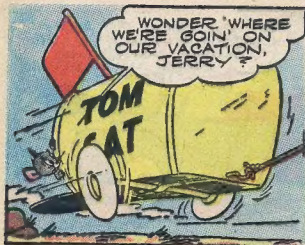


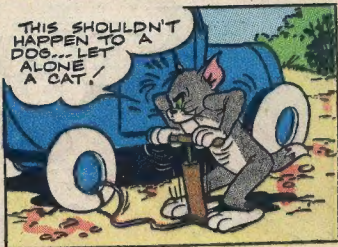
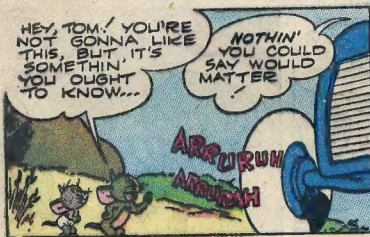
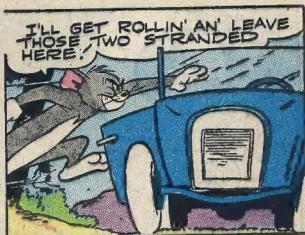
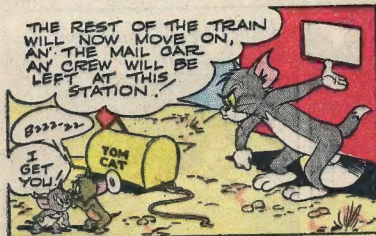
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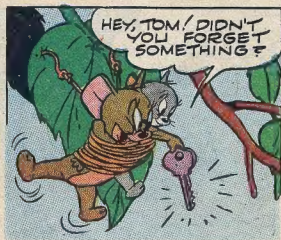
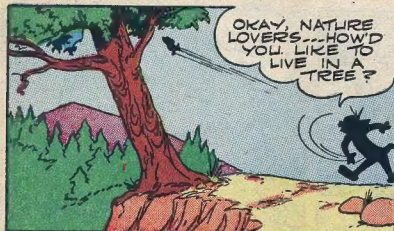
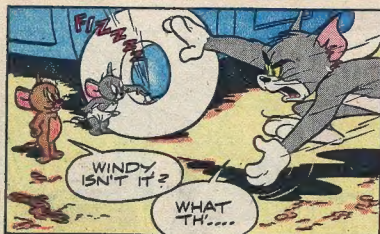
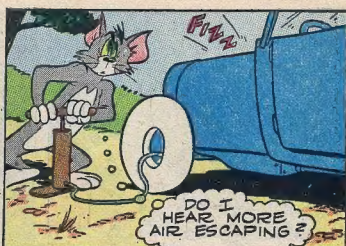


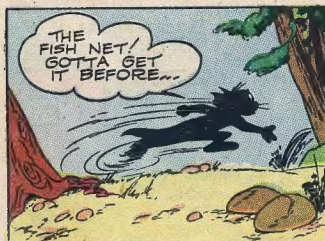
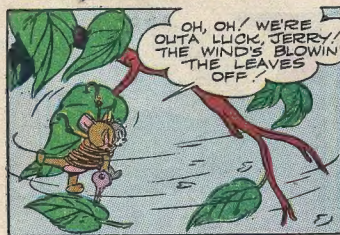
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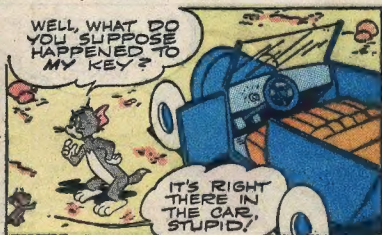
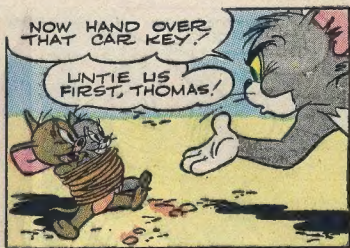


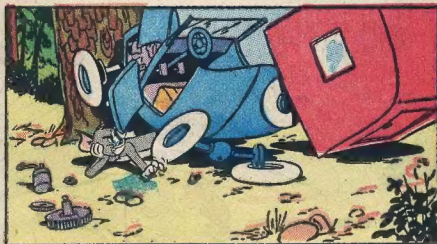
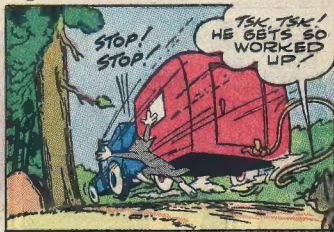
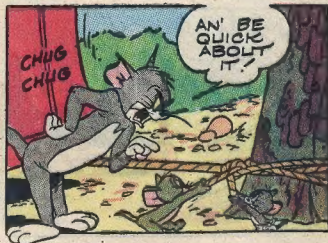
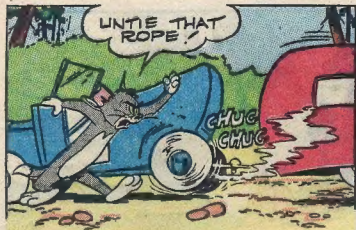
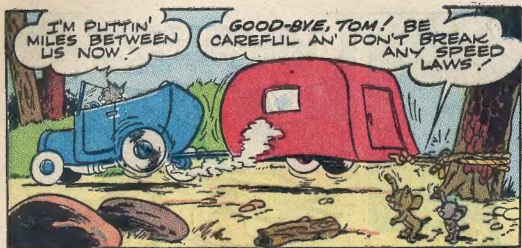


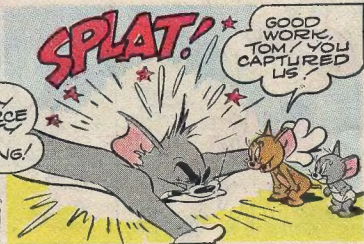
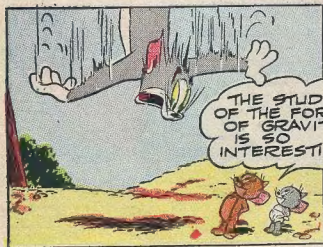
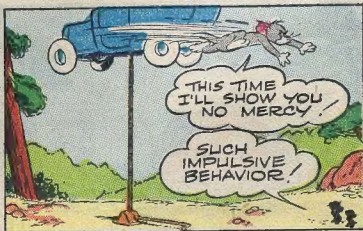
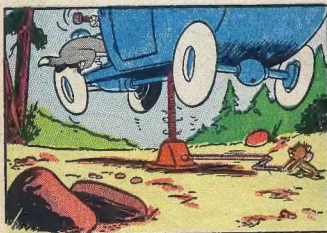
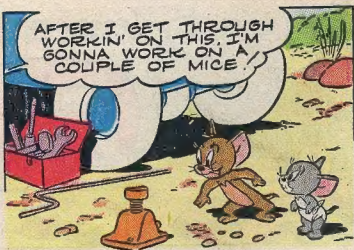
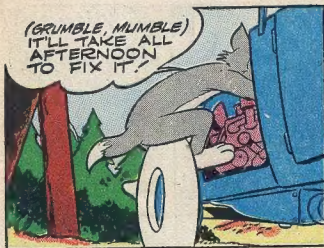


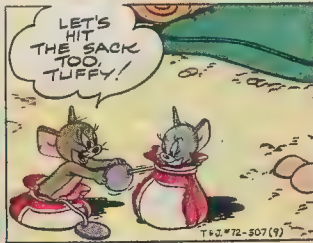
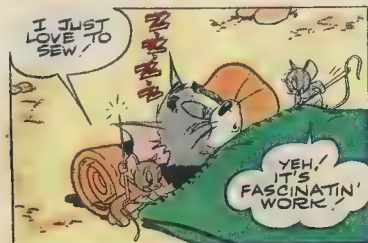
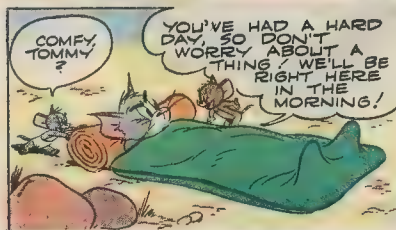
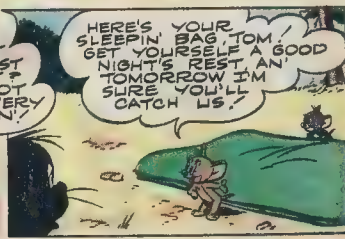
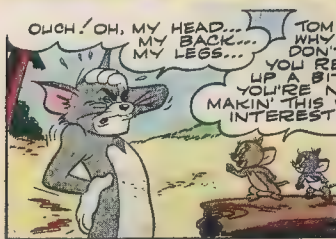
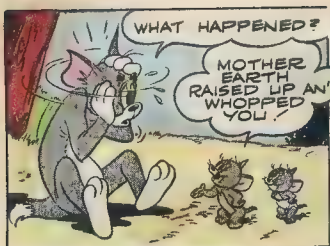


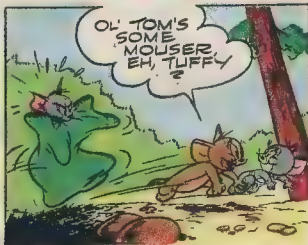
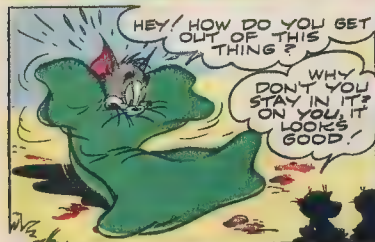
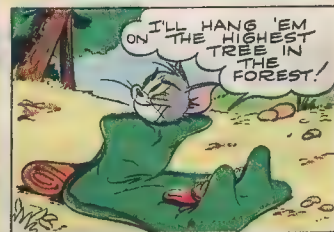
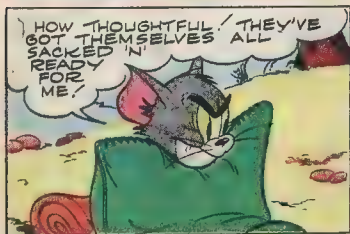
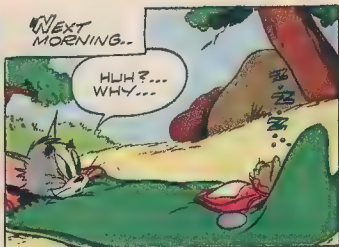


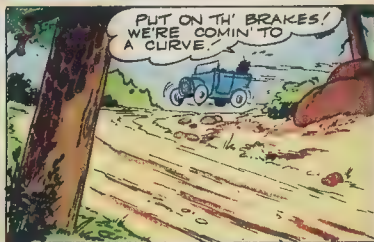
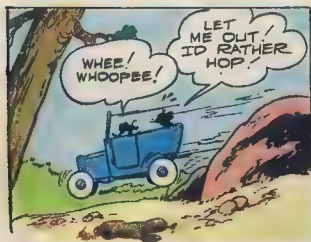
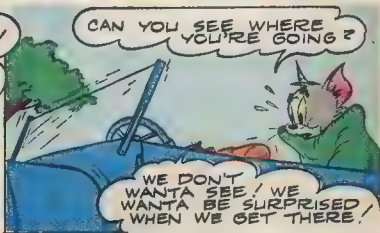
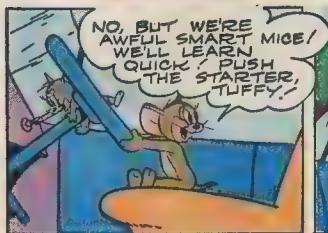
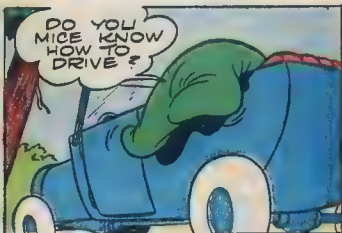
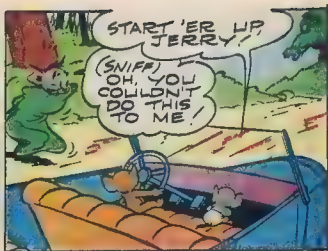
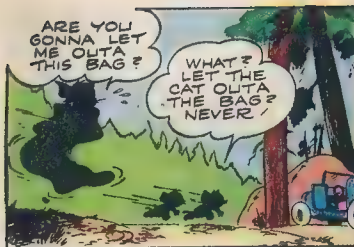


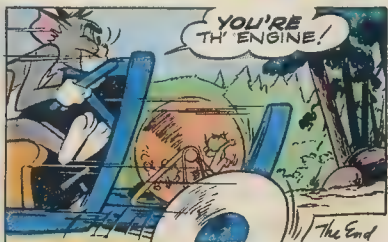
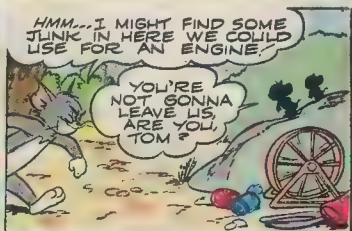
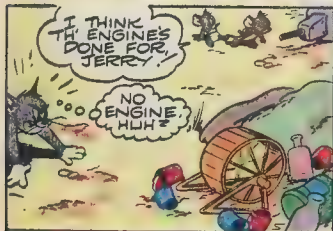
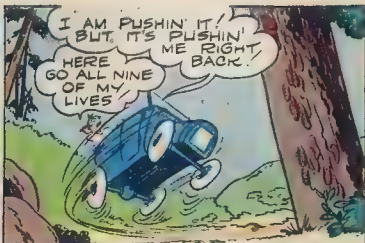
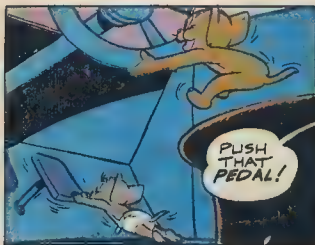


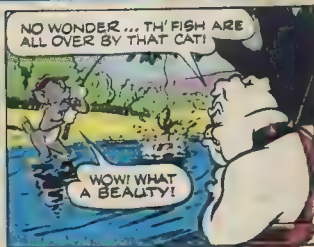
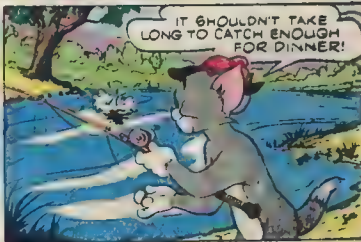
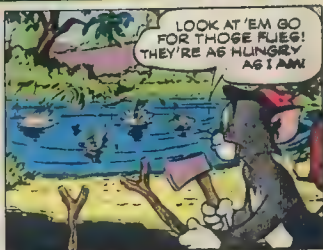
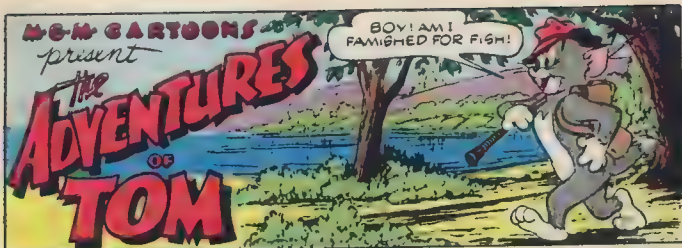


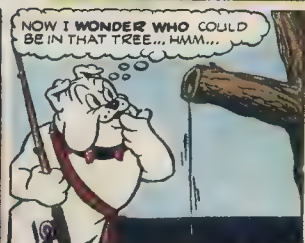
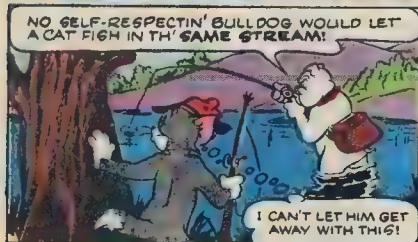
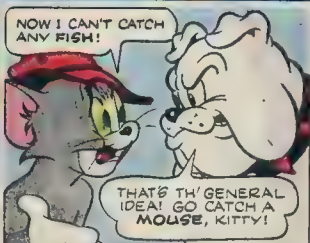
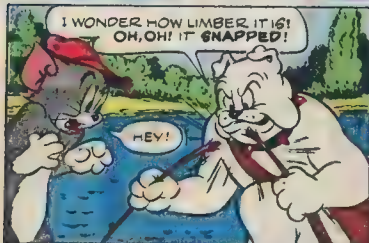
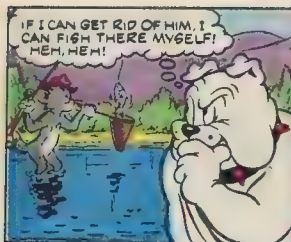


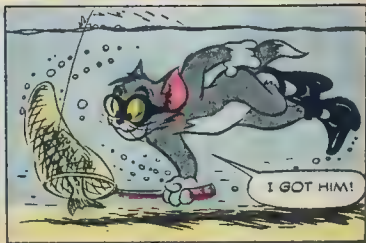
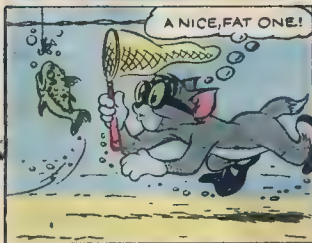
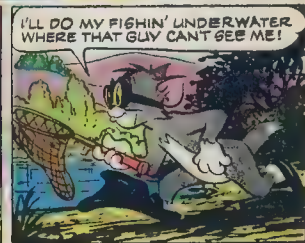
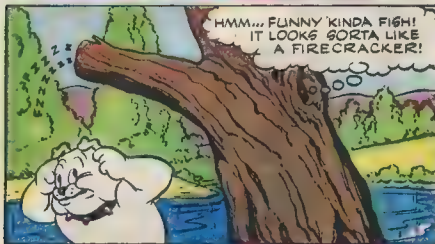


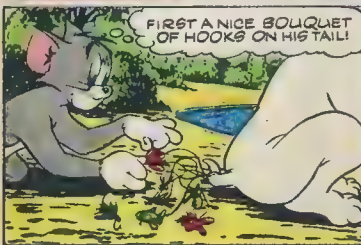
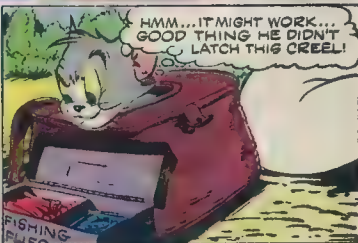
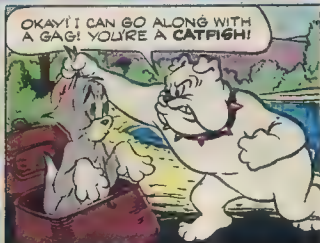
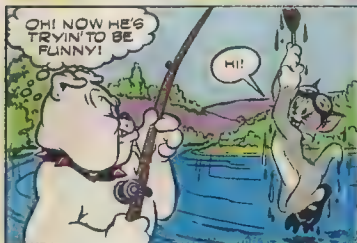
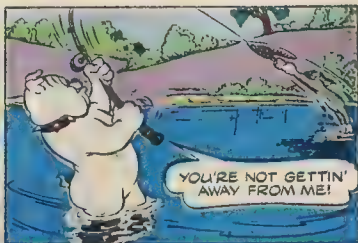


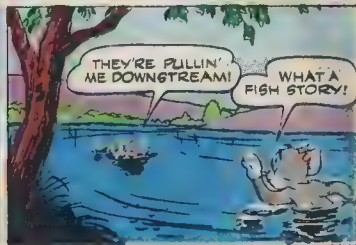
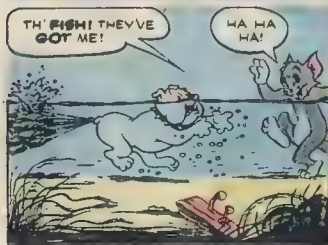
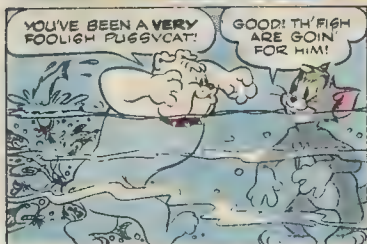
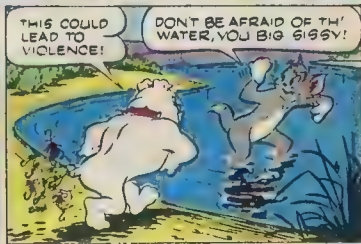
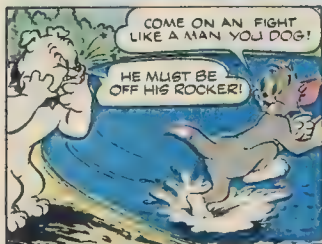
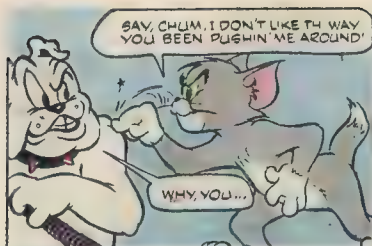


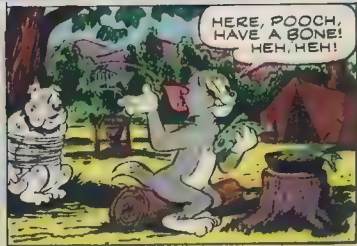
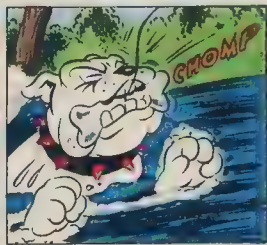
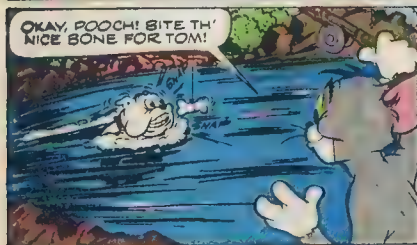
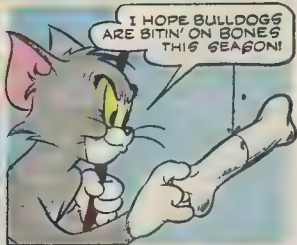
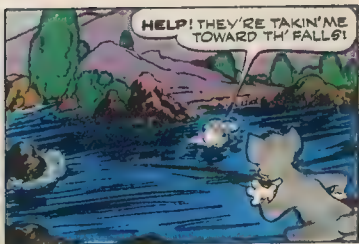












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of
JERRY



Tuffy gazed up at the silvery moon. "You know, Jerry," he observed to his constant companion, "we picked the wrong place to get born! . . . Just think, if we lived up there, instead of down on earth, we'd never run out of cheese!"

The little mice were out in the meadow foraging for wild strawberries. Their food had been running low and they had ventured out after dark to replenish their supply.

Jerry laughed at his pal. "Tuffy, you don't believe that old mice tale about the moon being made out of green cheese, do you?"

"I don't know, Jerry . . . It certainly looks a lot like it, might be!" answered Tuffy. "However, I'd be willing to bet it's blue cheese and not green!"

The two little fellows finished gathering the strawberries and hurried back to their hot weather quarters under the bench in the grape arbor. They had just settled down to grape leaves filled with sugared strawberries and topped with cream, when a stealthy step shook the top of the arbor!

"Willikers!!" gasped Jerry. "Here comes Tom! He must have missed the cream off the top of his milk!"

Tuffy gulped, then whispered, ". . . If only he weren't so selfish! You'd think a big fat cat like Tom would be glad to share with two skinny mice!"

The heavy, quiet tread came closer and closer. Jerry and Tuffy crouched together and tried not to even breathe. Then, they saw Tom's shadow silhouetted against the bright moon . . .

Then . . . instead of pausing, the cat continued his walk over the top of the trestle!

Jerry relaxed. "I guess he's not looking for us!" he said. "But he's up to something . . . I wonder what he's doing around the arbor?"

Tuffy chuckled. "Maybe it's the unripe grapes . . . Tom's a great one for sour grapes, isn't he?"

Jerry and Tuffy curled up in a bed of warm grass and tried to sleep, but the bright moonlight and constant thoughts about all the possible cheese in the sky kept Tuffy awake. Finally, he could stand it no longer. "Jerry, why don't we get up and try to make a telescope! Perhaps we could learn the truth about the moon!"

Jerry, who was also restless, thought Tuffy had a fine idea. "If we could make it strong enough, we might even be able to keep tabs on Tom!" he added.

Tuffy was all excited. "I know just what we can use to make a telescope!" he cried, and ran towards the house.

A few minutes later he returned, dragging the remains of a large roll of shelf paper. Jerry helped him slip the paper off the cardboard cylinder.

"Now for the lens!" cried Jerry. "There's an old electric lantern in the garage! If we can get the lens out of that, we ought to have a powerful telescope!"

It wasn't an easy job to pry the glass out of the rusted metal box, but since the back was open and the batteries had long since fallen out, Jerry and Tuffy were able to work from the inside. They removed the cone-like reflector that held the small bulb and then pulled out the heavy round glass window.

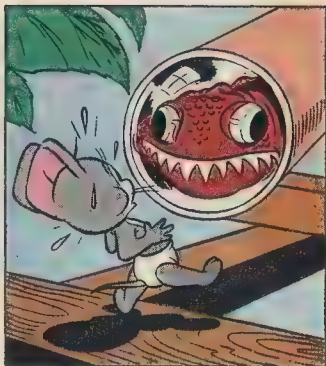
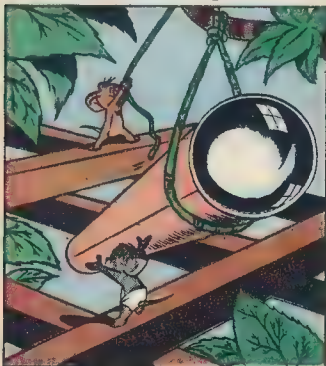
Staggering under its weight, they carried the glass lens back to the arbor. Using grape vines for pulleys, they managed to lift it a few feet off the ground.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Jerry. "This is going to be wonderful!" and he held up the paper cylinder under the suspended lens.

"What do you see? What do you see?" Tuffy impatiently chirped.

Jerry groaned, "We've got the thing upside down! . . . The moon looks twice as far away!"

Tuffy looked thoughtful. "Jerry," he announced, "we're doing this all wrong! This contraption ought to be up high! . . . We'll climb to the top of the arbor and hoist up the lens. Then, all we need to do is take this rolled shelf paper and stretch it out into a long tube. A bit of tape from the toolbox in the garage will hold the wide end against the lens, and a forked stick will hold the narrow end for us to look through."



There was much huffing and puffing before they got the lens into position on top of the arbor framework. There, they pulled it till it rested lightly on some woven vines. The rest of the task was simple and in a short time, Tuffy stood with his eye glued to the lower end of his telescope.

"Yipe!!" Tuffy shrieked, suddenly jumping back from his improvised "spyglass."

"Wh-what's the matter?!" stuttered the startled Jerry.

"Ohhhhh! It's awful!" Tuffy gasped. ". . . Blue cheese or not, our trip to the moon is off! . . . It's guarded by a terrible monster!"

Jerry got hold of himself and peeked through the telescope . . .

Staring down at him were TWO TREMENDOUS BULGING EYES, POPPING OUT OF A BODY THAT SOMEWHAT RESEMBLED AN ARMORED TANK!!!

The monster moved its giant claws in a threatening gesture!!!

Jerry let go of the tube and grabbed Tuffy! . . .

Just then, there was a rustling above their heads. "Hey, Jerry and Tuffy!" called Bobo Blue Jay. "What are you two looking so scared about?"

"W-w-we just saw a MOON MON-

STER!" chorused the frightened little fellows, pointing to their telescope.

Bobo flew down and peered through the flashlight lens. "Ho Ho!" he laughed. "Here's your moon monster!"

With that, the rough and ready Blue Jay flew up through the grape vines and plucked something off the magnifying glass. He dropped it down, and Jerry and Tuffy burst into laughter as a tiny beetle scuttled off into the grass!

Bobo again hopped down beside them and kidded them about their fright. "This is a good lesson for you fellows! . . . It'll teach you not to magnify your troubles! . . . By the way, in case you run into trouble, call on me. I've got some tough birds rounded up with me. We're a self-appointed committee for aerial defense of the arbor! You understand, it's just to make sure the grape crop is properly protected for us insiders FROM OUTSIDERS!"

"Sure!" chorused Jerry and Tuffy, winking at one another. "We understand!"

Bobo shook his feathers and got ready to take off. "So long! I gotta get back to headquarters. Remember, if you see any suspicious characters eyeing those grapes, give a long low whistle. That's the signal for attack!" He flew off into the night.

Tuffy sighed as he took another turn at star gazing. "I guess all our work has been for nothing! I can see the sky fine . . . but, as far as the moon goes, I can't even spot a hole in a piece of Swiss cheese!"

"Will you stop mooning about that moon?!" Jerry replied impatiently. "It's so many thousand miles away that we'd



never get there . . . not in a million years!"

"That is kind of a long time to try to get anywhere!" Tuffy admitted. "Reckon I'll just stay 'down to earth'!"

Jerry began to chuckle to himself, suddenly thinking about Bobo Blue Jay's air force. "Gosh, Tuff," he remarked, "I sure wish we could see Tom being chased by a whole slew of birds! I bet that cat would really have a scare!"

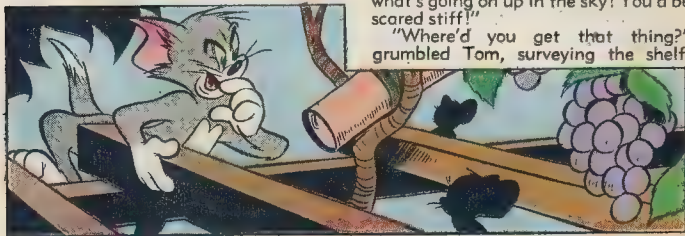
"WHAT cat will really have a scare?" A familiar voice interrupted them! It was Tom! He had been creeping back along the trellis and had gotten close enough to hear the last few words Jerry had uttered.

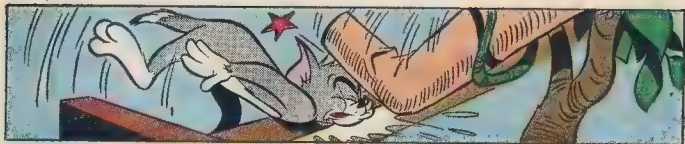
"Ohhh!!!" gasped the startled mice, as Tom climbed down and cautiously approached them. (Jerry and Tuffy had played so many tricks on him that Tom had learned to be careful.)

Jerry and Tuffy inched away from their telescope and backed under the arbor bench. Jerry caught Tuffy's arm and whispered in his friend's ear, "Quick, climb up and put a grape leaf over the lens! . . . If Tom's as curious as I know he is, this telescope may still do us some good!"

"Hi, Tom!" Jerry greeted his arch rival. "Tuffy and I were just saying that it's a good thing you don't know what's going on up in the sky! You'd be scared stiff!"

"Where'd you get that thing?" grumbled Tom, surveying the shelf-





paper tube. "... And what is it?"

"We made it!" Jerry told him. "It's a wonderful instrument, but it takes a lot of skill and delicate adjustment to see through it."

"You don't say!" Tom sneered. "Well, I'll just take a peek for myself! Takes more than a bunch of stars to scare me!"

As soon as Tom gingerly lifted the tube to his eye, Jerry scampered up the vine to join Tuffy.

While Tom tried in vain to see through the glass which Tuffy had dutifully covered, Jerry searched rapidly amid the grape leaves.

"Hurrah! Found one!" he whispered, holding up a clenched fist.

"What are you going to do?" breathed Tuffy. "Try and frighten him away with a beetle?"

"No! Better than that!" Jerry softly replied. ...

"This thing's no good!" Tom yelled. "You can't see stars! ... You can't see nothin'!"

Jerry parted the leaves at the top of the arbor and called down, "Don't discourage so easily, Tom! Tuffy and I will adjust the lens for you!" Then, Jerry turned to Tuffy. "Tuff, when you hear me yell, break through this last vine and let the glass fall!"

Jerry pulled the leaf from the glass. "Swell!" yelled Tom. "You've got it just right!"

"I'm so happy!" murmured Jerry,

and he opened his fist, dropping a large lightening bug on the telescope lens. ...

At the same time, Jerry let out a terrifying cry, "EEEE-YOWWW!!! Shooting star! ... Run for your life!!!"

Tuffy immediately released the heavy piece of glass, which dropped like a rock, collapsing the flimsy shelf paper in its fall downward!

BAMMMMMMM!!!!

It landed on the tender nose of the cat!

Tom had been startled enough by the glimpse of the magnified lightning bug ... and when the lens hit him, he emitted a loud howl and dashed towards the house.

Tuffy gave vent to a low whistle. This must have sounded like the signal. Bobo and his gang were awaiting. ...

There was a sudden rush of wings ... and the last Jerry and Tuffy saw of Tom, he was disappearing through the coal shoot, while the flock of angry birds circled the house!

Jerry laughed. "That settles that! We won't have to worry about Tom for at least a week ... and by then, he'll have forgotten all about our being 'astronomice'!"

"We weren't too hot at this astronomy business!" Tuffy commented ruefully, as he surveyed the battered remains of their telescope.

"Oh, I don't know!" retorted Jerry. "I'd say it was quite a success! Tom, for one, sure saw a lot of fancy stars!!"



FLIP 'N' DIP

NOW, ALFRED, WHEN WE GET OVER TO AUNT SIMIAN'S, I WANT YOU TO BEHAVE YOURSELF!

HUMPH!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LOTS OF FUN PLAYING WITH YOUR LITTLE COUSINS, FLIP 'N' DIP!

BAH! THEY ARE PROBABLY A COUPLE OF SISSIES!

THAT ISN'T NICE TO SAY, ALFRED! DIP IS A NICE BOY, AND FLIP IS A LOVELY LITTLE GIRL!

GIRL! OH, FINE! I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO PLAY WITH DOLLS OR SOMETHING!

LOOK, ALFRED, THERE IS YOUR AUNT NOW, HANGING OUT HER CLOTHES! YOO-HOO, MAMA!

FAT, AIN'T SHE?

LAND SAKES, MARTHA, WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

SURPRISED TO SEE ME?

SEEMS LIKE AGES SINCE I LAST PAID YOU A VISIT!

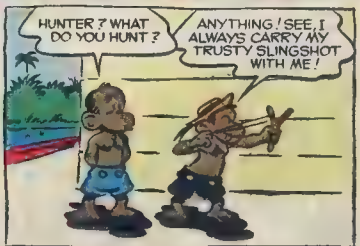
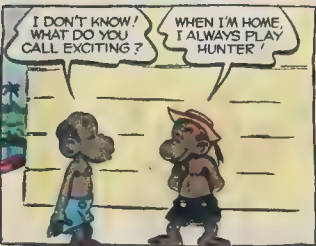
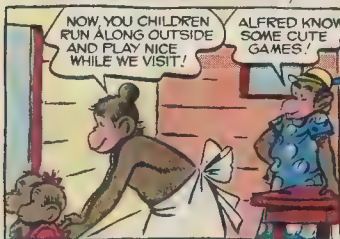
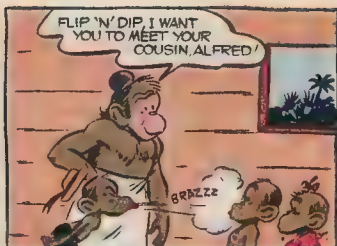
IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME, MARTHA!

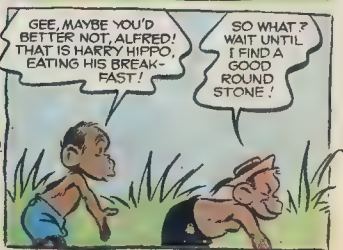
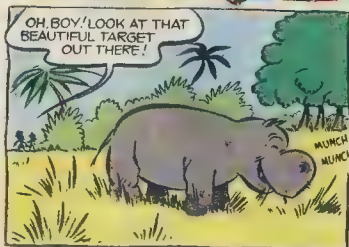
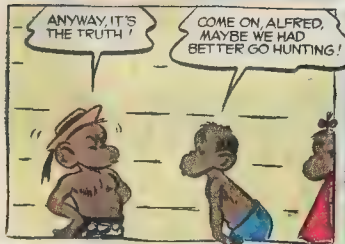
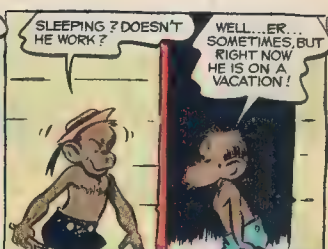
COME ON, MAMA, DON'T OVERDO IT!

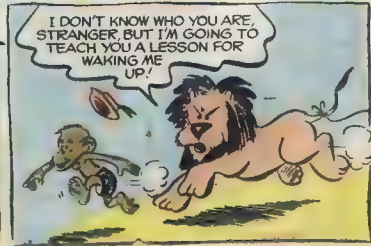
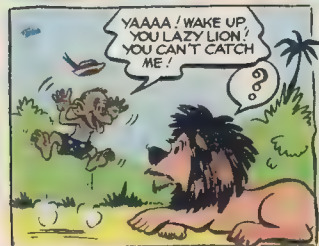
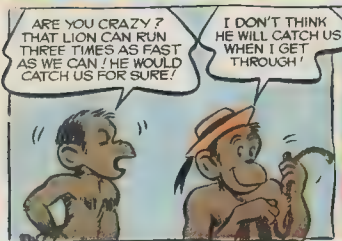
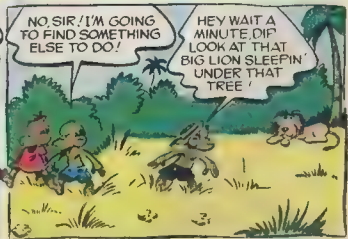
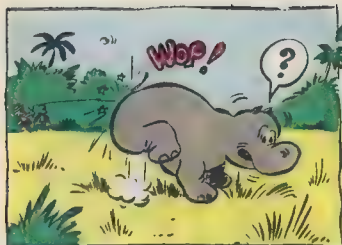
...AND THIS MUST BE LITTLE ALFRED! MY, MY, HOW HE HAS GROWN!

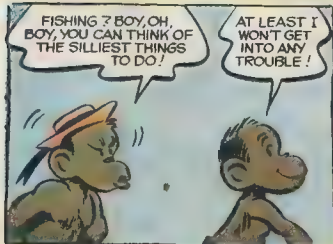
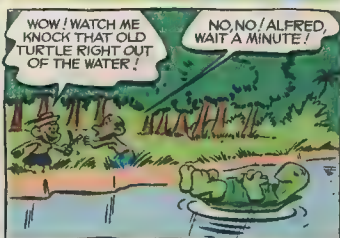
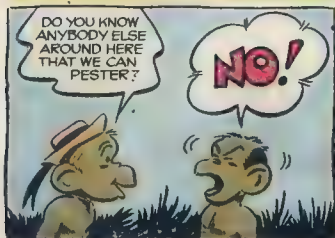
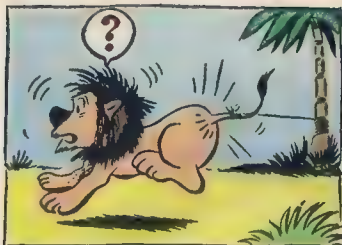
AW, CUT IT OUT! I AIN'T NO GIRL!

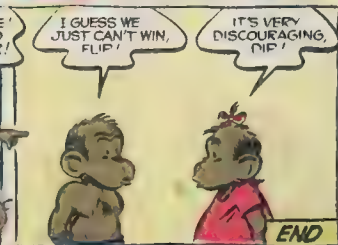
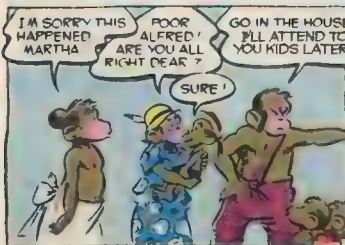
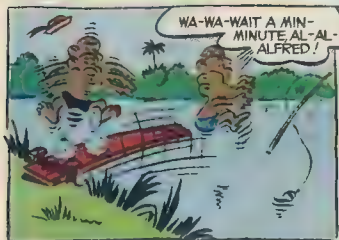
SMACK!

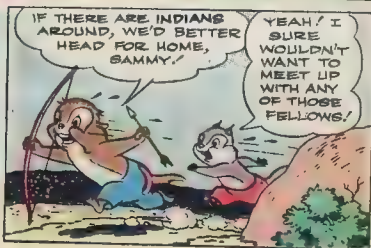
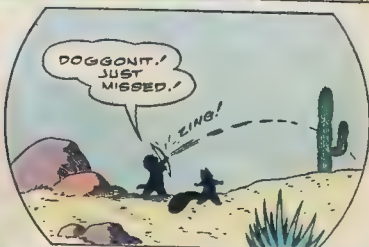
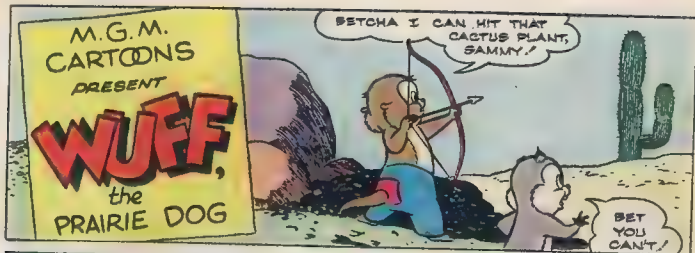


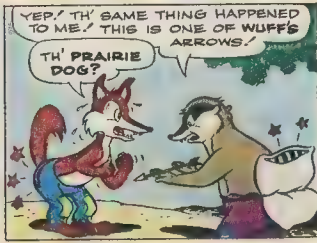
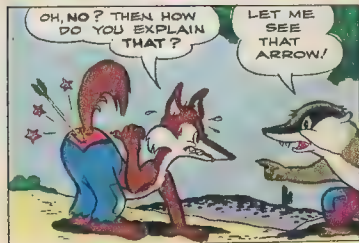
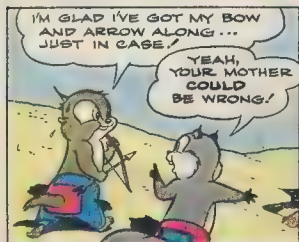
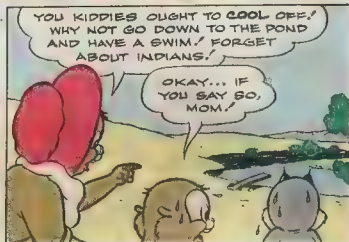
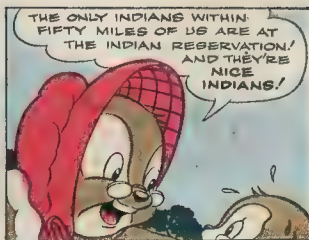
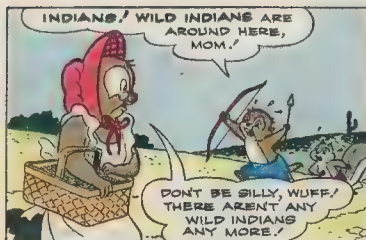


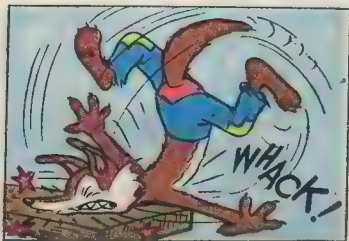
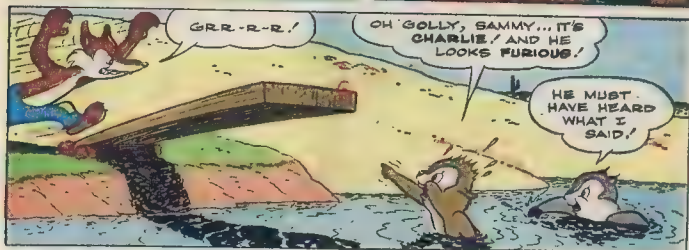
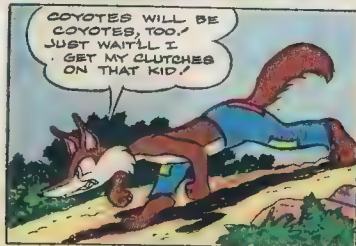
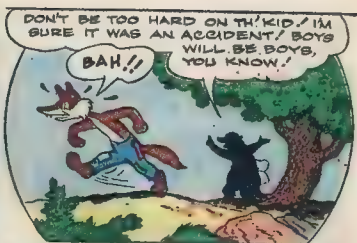


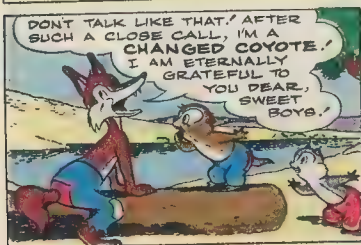
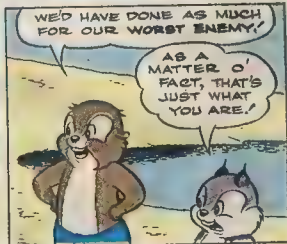
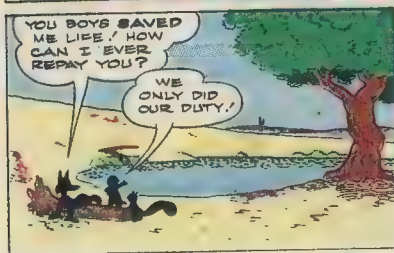
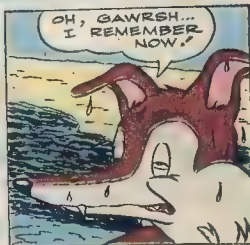
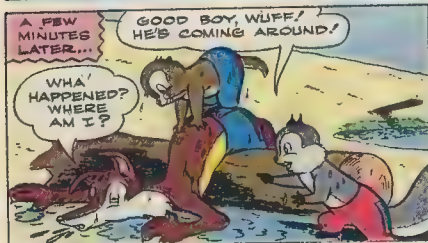
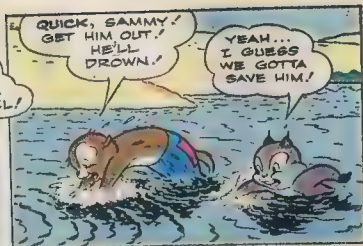
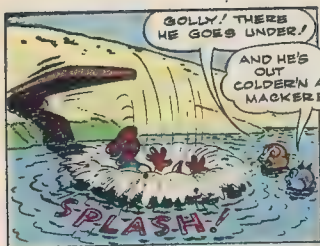


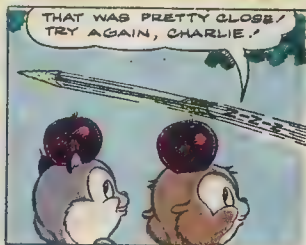
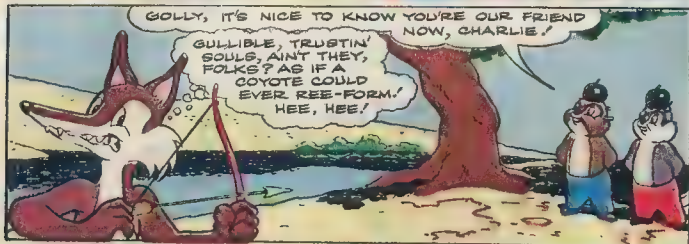
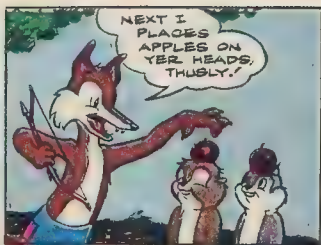
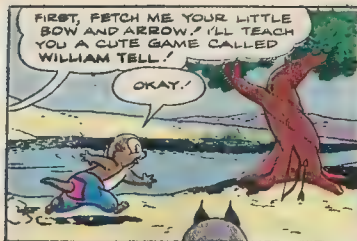


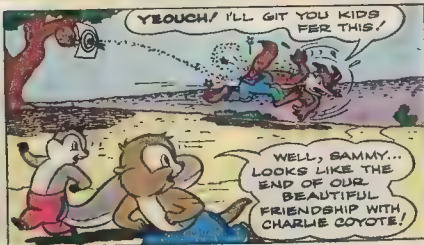
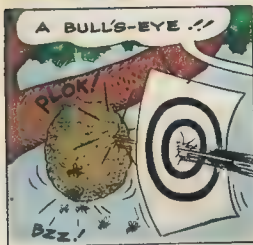
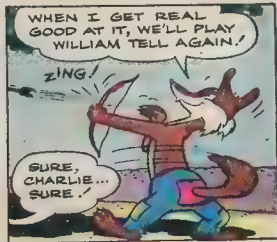
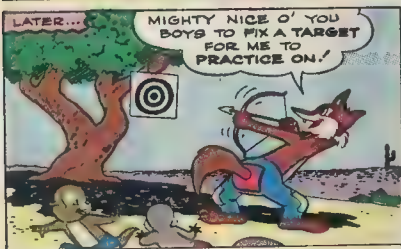
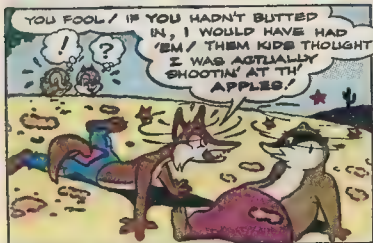
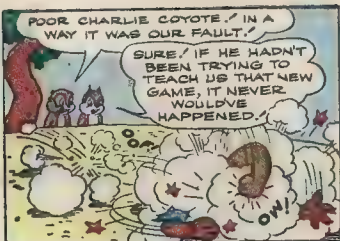
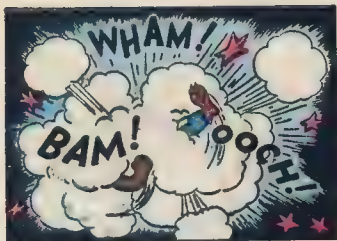












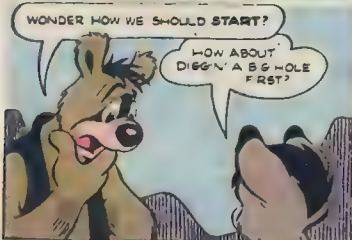
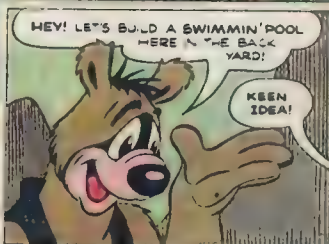
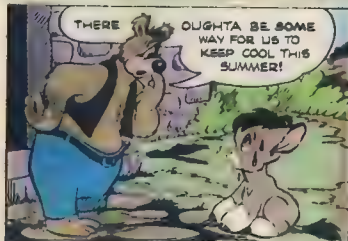
M.G.M. CARTOONS
Present

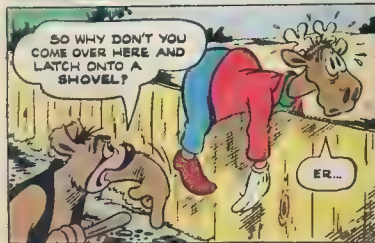
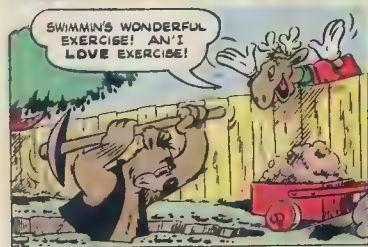
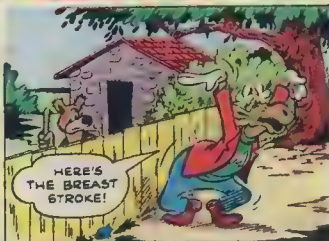
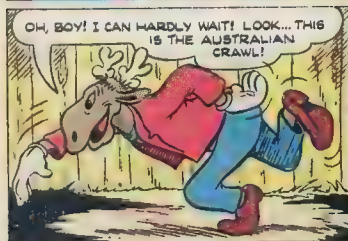
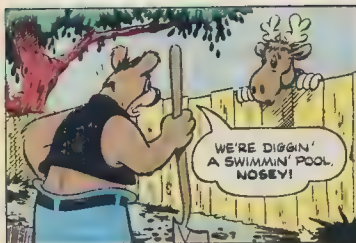
BARNEY BEAR

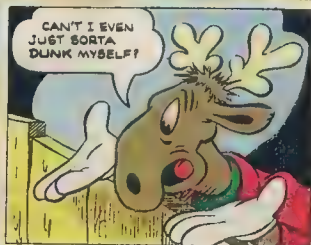
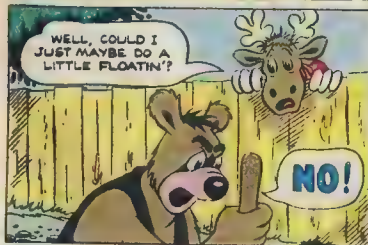
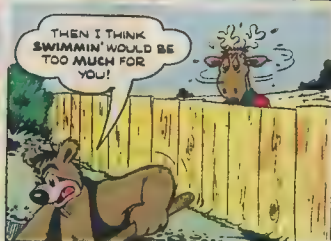
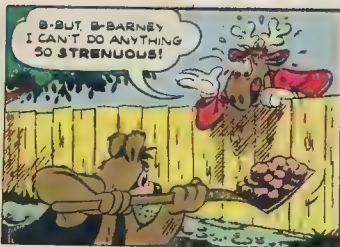
and
Benny Burro

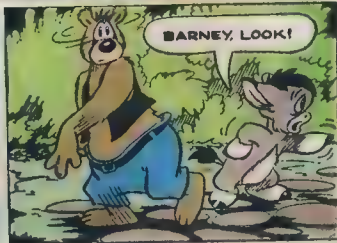
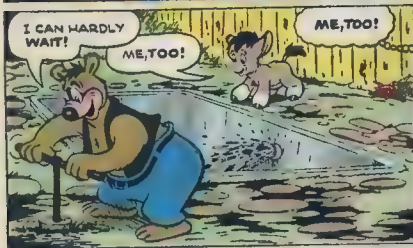
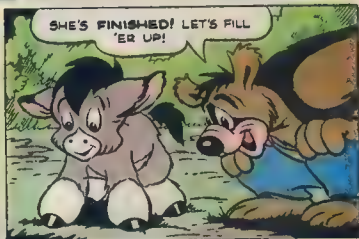
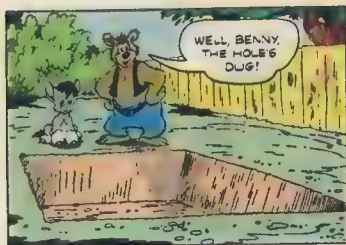
WELL, BENNY,
SUMMERS HERE
AGAIN!

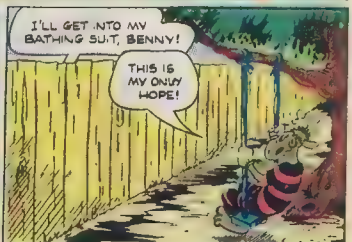
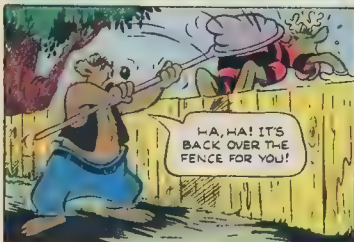
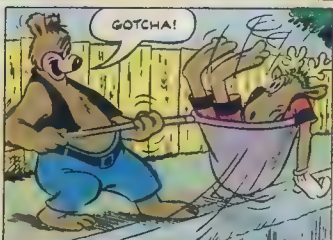
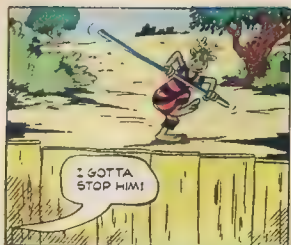
I'LL SAY IT!
AN' IT'S GETTIN'
HOT!

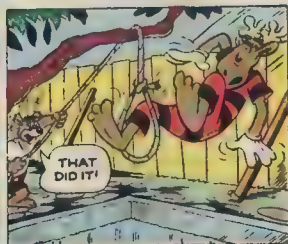
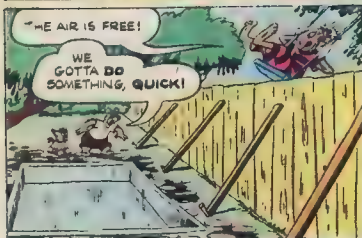
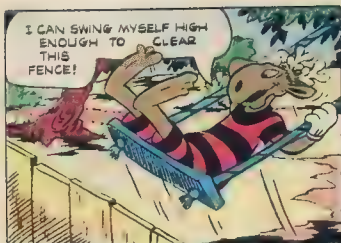


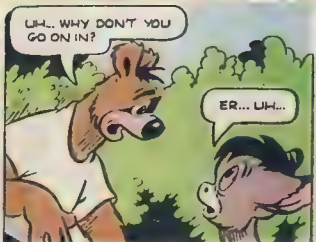
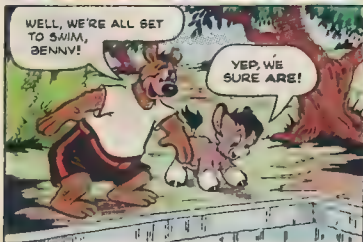
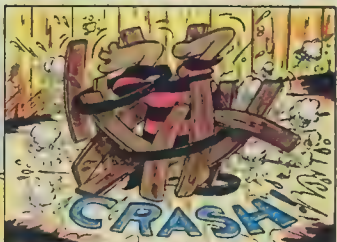


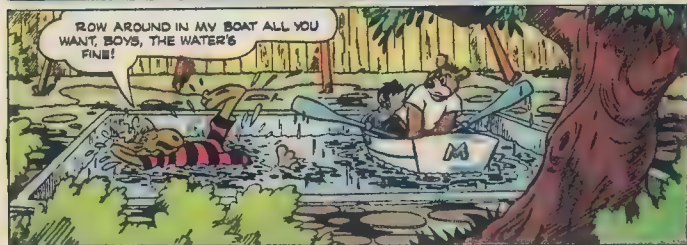
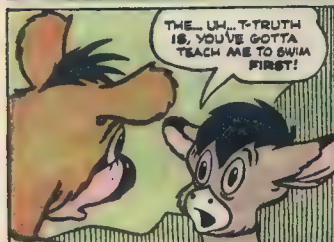
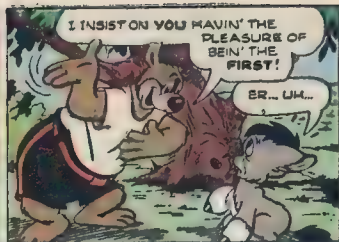




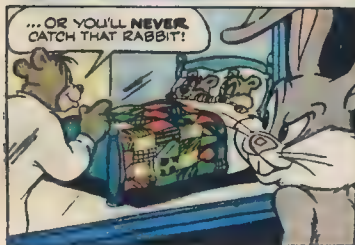
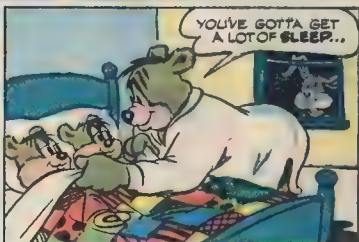
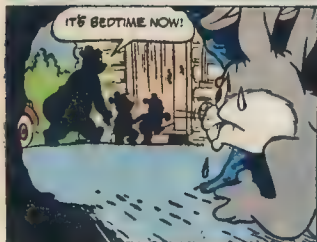
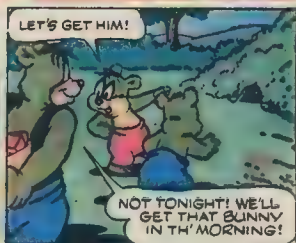
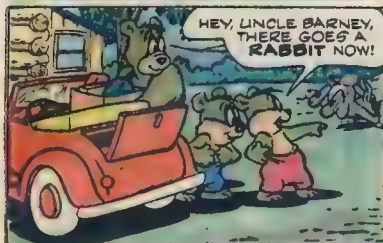
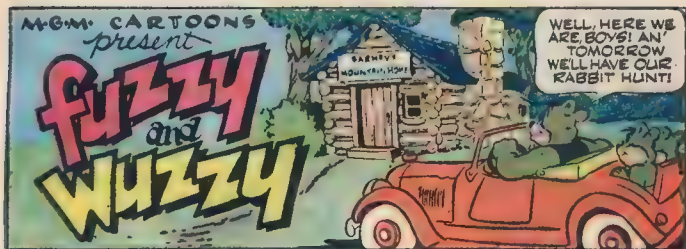


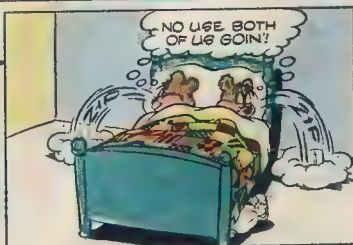
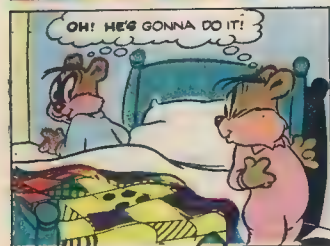
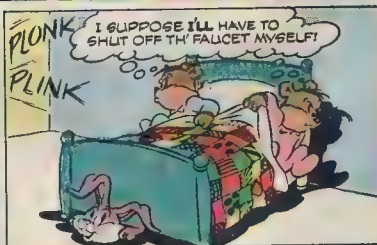
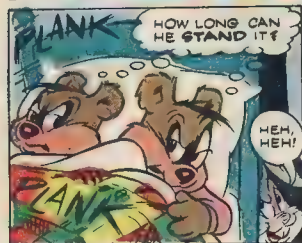
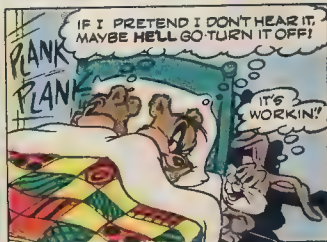
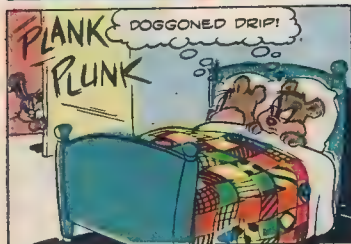
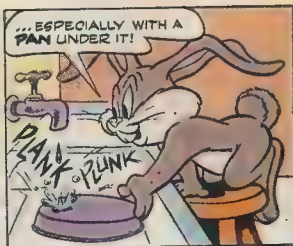
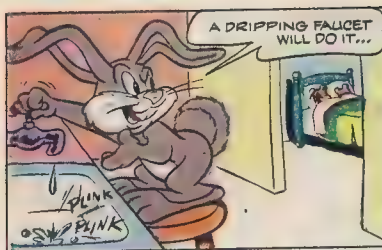


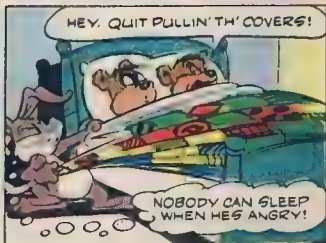
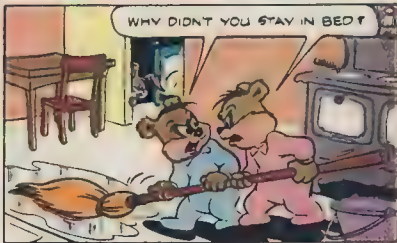
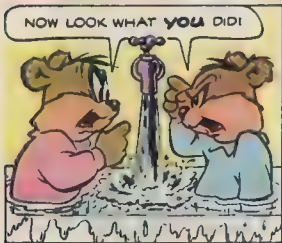
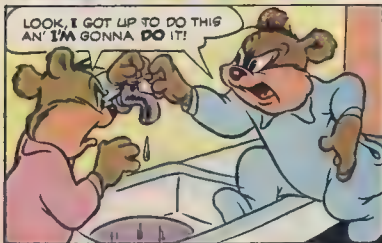
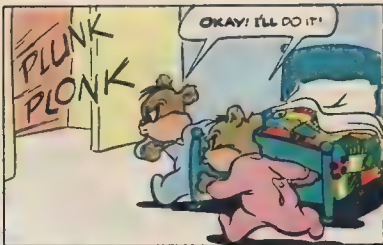


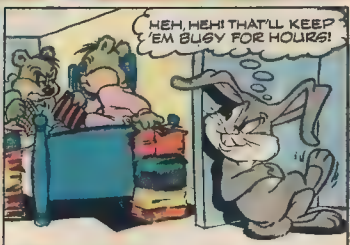
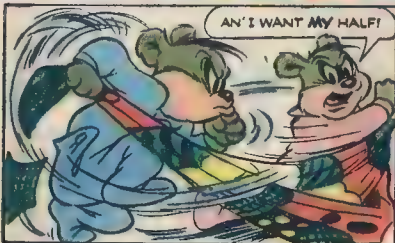
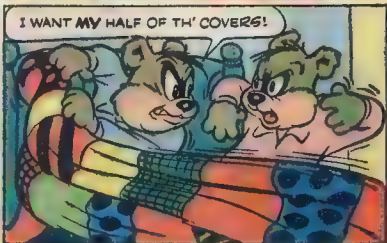
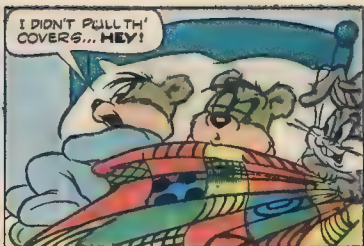


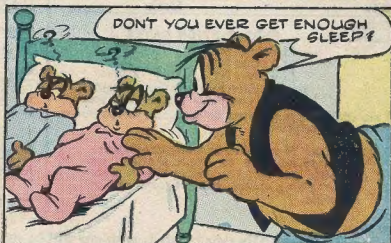
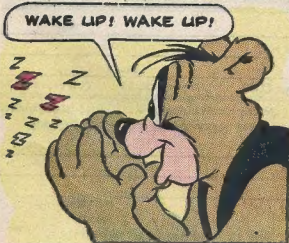
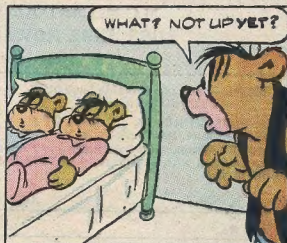
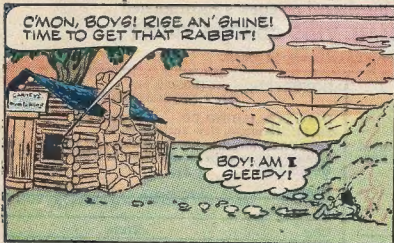
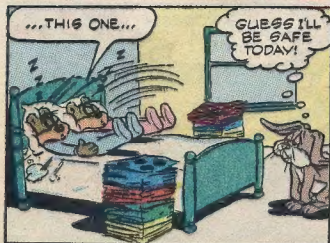
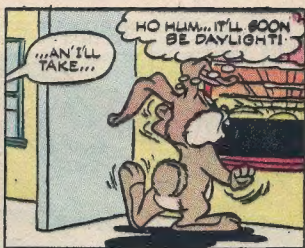
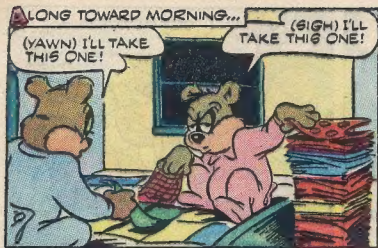
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures.

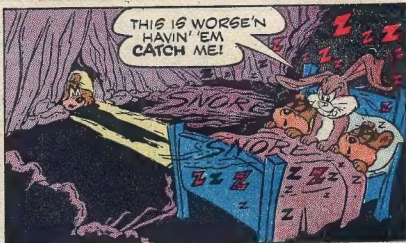












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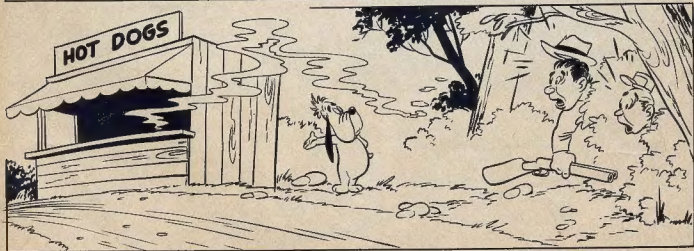
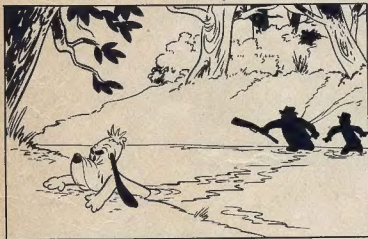
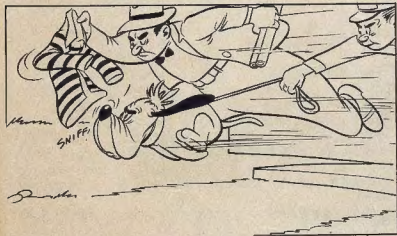
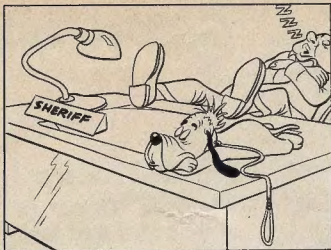
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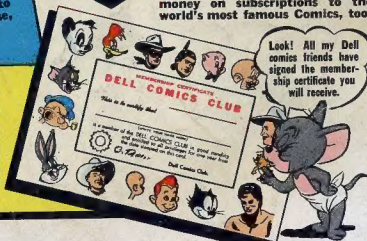
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